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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1914.

THIRCE WELCOME, OLD SOL!

For the first time in so many days that memory runneth not to the precise details, the sun came out of retirement today and resumed performance at the old stand, manifesting a bit nervous after being so long off the boards, but on the whole doing excellently.

Most eminently and unqualifiedly welcome, Sol! Not only because you cheer us up and make us forget disagreeable sentiments toward the groundhog, but because we have learned that you are the leading, indeed about the only efficient, little street cleaner of this community!

BRITAIN'S MEXICAN POLICY.

While we are having our doubts about the way in which the Mexican policy of President Wilson is being viewed abroad, the following from the London Times will be found comforting:

"The Mexican problem, to be sure, will in that event (raising the embargo on arms) be brought very little, if at all, nearer a lasting solution; but, in whatever policy they are eventually driven to adopt, Americans may be confident that no difficulties will be placed in their way by the British government. The necessities of the case make Mexico a matter of especially direct concern to the British government, apart from that, we have and in the British empire too much experience of similar predicaments to sympathize with the hesitancy of American statesmanship in the face of so difficult a situation."

This, in the principal organ of public opinion in England, is worth more as a real indication of the attitude of the British people and of Downing Street than all the talk about oil syndicates, Lord Cowdrey, Sir Lionel Carder, and the rest. And without sympathy from Britain, it goes without saying that no European power would take the risk of interfering with us.

CARELESS EXPORTERS.

American exporters have had warning enough against carelessness in their dealings with foreign customers. Secretary Redfield gave them a strong one in his address to the recent convention of canners in Baltimore. The consular reports are plentifully sprinkled with accounts of complaints by merchants abroad who cannot understand why Americans should be so much more lax in this respect than Europeans.

Yet the trouble persists, even in quarters where it might be least expected. Take the case of the Chicago Association of Commerce, which has built up a strong organization for invading the foreign trade field. That association maintains an agent and a permanent exhibit in Buenos Ayres. In his last report the agent writes:

"The present location for the exhibit was chosen from May 1. In the expectation that the exhibits arranged for during my stay in Chicago would be here by that time. However, the first consignment of samples did not arrive until the end of this month, and although all the exhibits promised had then arrived, the exhibition was not held until the end of July. There are still exhibits to come."

I regret to report that prices and other details were not received with the samples. In connection with an exhibit on information, not even a list of contents, but the exhibition was in some cases prices and selling information have only recently come to hand.

Notwithstanding this drawback, the agent states that buyers are being attracted to the exhibit and that sales are being made. But how much more could be done if his efforts in behalf of export trade to South America had been backed by proper co-operation on the part of the merchants themselves, as English and German efforts appear to be backed?

WHAT ABOUT POTATOES?

If you are a consumer paying your household bills you know what is meant by the high cost of living. You know that if food products were high year before last, when candidates for Congress were promising to make them lower when they got elected, they were still high last summer when Congress was on the job of reducing the cost of living by making new tariff schedules; and you know they are still high now.

Maybe you know that under the old tariff potatoes were dutiable at the rate of 25 cents a bushel of sixty pounds. Maybe you know that wherever our potatoes are admitted free into any country the potatoes of that country are now, under the new tariff, admitted free into this country. But what do you know about potatoes?

In July, August, and September of 1913 potatoes were imported under the old tariff act. After that they came in under the new act. Here's the way the imports of po-

tatoes count up under those months of the old tariff and under those of the new tariff:

OLD TARIFF	
July	3,330 bushels
August	10,411 bushels
September	8,766 bushels
NEW TARIFF	
October	472 bushels
November	564,829 bushels

As testimony that October and November used not to be months of abnormal importations, corresponding import items for the third quarter of 1912—July, August, and September—amounted to about 10,500 bushels a month, and for the fourth quarter of 1912—October, November, and December—about 13,850 bushels a month. And in November last, more than three-quarters of a million bushels!

DO IT NOW.

It will not hurt you to read these few paragraphs, although your income may not have quite reached the \$3,000 mark. Maybe it will reach that mark this year, and it will be well to have the advice digested in advance.

Only one week remains for the filing of income tax reports. If your net income amounted to \$2,500 in the last ten months of 1913 you must get a blank and make a report if you have not done so already. The Government is not obliged to send a blank to you.

Do not be confused by the exemptions. If your net income for the ten months was \$2,500 or more you report it, at the same time claiming an exemption of \$2,500 if you are single and of \$3,333.33 if you are married. If your exemptions equal or exceed your income you pay no tax, but you must make your report just the same, a fact which many persons do not seem to understand.

This warning is not given so much for the purpose of helping the Government to collect the income tax as it is to protect the public from the penalties which the Internal Revenue Department will impose upon those who are negligent.

It will be of no avail to plead, when the Government calls you to account for not filing your report, that your exemptions exceeded your income. Every year fines are imposed upon corporations that fail to make their tax reports, even though they may be little corporations and losing money. The Government is exact to make you live up to the exact letter of the law that it is to get tax money out of you.

It is not hard to fill out the blank, all tests to the contrary notwithstanding, unless you are the fortunate possessor of a variety of incomes, and in that case you can afford to have a lawyer assist you.

Get your blank from the collector of internal revenue of your district, fill it out, have your signature witnessed and mail the report to the collector.

Half an hour's work may save you \$25 or more. The Government penalty for being remiss is rarely less than \$25, and it is often a great deal more.

If you let the first of March go by without making your report, excuses will be in vain and a "pull" is impossible.

A SWEDISH REPUBLIC?

Sweden is on the verge, apparently, of an upheaval not unlike that which a few years ago brought the complete separation of Sweden and Norway, and an end of the dual kingdom. It appears that Sweden confronts an economic and political crisis by reason of the everlasting problem of armaments and national defense.

Though we are not wont to think of Sweden as one of the critical strategic territories of Europe, in the sense that we estimate the military importance of Belgium and Holland, yet in truth it is just that. Russian imperialism peers over westward from its seat on the Baltic, yearning to reach the open ocean. It has tried to get to the eastern ocean by way of Manchuria, and been foiled by Japan. It has tried from the southern ocean, by way of Constantinople, but British naval power held it back. It has never ceased to look most eagerly toward the Atlantic in the north; and there it confronts the Scandinavian countries and Germany.

Sweden, concerned to be prepared for every eventuality, devotes a great sum to defensive measures, and her government has believed there could be no cessation of preparedness. The cost has been bearing down on the people more and more, and at length something like an issue seems to be in sight.

There are reports that the forthcoming elections may be followed by a move to disestablish the present kingdom government and create a republic. Some manifestations of violence have been noted, but on the whole the prospects are that if the people make plain their desire for a republic they will get it without a very serious clash with the older order.

Sweden's social posture is curious, like that of England, in this regard. There is a feeling among the plain people that somehow the national existence and vital interests should be safeguarded without mak-

ing armament such a crushing burden on the people. There is feeling, too, that popular government will have more concern to bring this end to pass than monarchial government. Therefore the people, or at least an increasing element of them, wish that republican government might be established. They think that if Europe were more democratic, there would be less disposition to spend the last penny of revenue on armies and navies, while the masses of people struggled under the load.

GOVERNMENT RAILROADS SEEN BY MR. PROUTY.

C. A. Prouty, in charge of the Government valuation of railroads, has a point of view about possible Government ownership somewhat different from the one usually advanced. In his address before the Traffic Club in Baltimore he gives a warning—both to the railroads and to the public—that the thing most likely to push the movement for Government ownership of railroads is a failure of the carriers to give a good service.

The common argument is that the movement will grow because of the hope of the public that Government ownership would give a cheap service. Mr. Prouty's opinion of the public attitude is much more nearly right.

The American people, first of all, want a swift service and a safe service. They merely grumble as yet if they think the charge is high; but if their trains are habitually late, or if they don't get comfortable seats in passenger trains, or if their freight doesn't come in good condition, they are all but ready to riot.

This doesn't mean that the American people want to be robbed as the premium they must pay for a good service, but they do want to get the track facilities, the adequacy of trains, the accurate running time, before they come to a clinch about the traffic charges.

The idea which Mr. Prouty sets forth has frequently been expressed in this paper. It is that if the railroads will not give, or cannot give, the quantity and quality of service demanded by the American public, the American public will get that service from some other source. Clearly, the only other source that could exist is the Government.

Likewise, Mr. Prouty's idea seems to be that if the Government were owning and operating the railroads the American public would insist upon that quantity and quality of service, whatever the cost. He thinks, therefore, that if the privately owned railroads are to give the service which is demanded the public should be willing to let the railroads make charges that will enable them to perform the service required.

Mr. Prouty says, however, that the railroads must consider that the public will not be willing, after it gets that service, to have more than a reasonable profit taken by the carriers. He suggests a very good chance of a split over differing opinions of what a reasonable profit is. He phrases a sort of summary with this declaration: "The thing for the railroads to do is to create public sentiment in their favor. The fair thing for the public to do is to meet the railroads half way."

This is sense, and unless the railroads are determined to force public sentiment to adopt Government ownership of railroads, or unless the public is determined to adopt it anyhow, whatever the attitude and practice of the railroads, it is only in some such way that the thing can be worked out on its present basis. And herein lies the enormous value of a competent and conscientious Interstate Commerce Commission, in a position to make itself intelligently familiar with the needs of the railroads and at the same time moved by the spirit and armed with the authority not only to protect and to enforce the rights but to advance the interests of the public.

SOME MILD CONSOLATION.

The Honorable Roger C. Sullivan is announced as a candidate for the Democratic nomination for Senator from Illinois.

That is enough to provide barb and point for the weapons of Republican sarcasm aimed against the pretensions of the Democratic party. But the weapons will not be much in fashion this season. Because—

The Honorable William Lorimer is announced a candidate for the Republican nomination for Senator from Illinois.

Anyhow, in this cancellation of boss by boss, it is good to know that a lot of buncombe and cheap wit will be saved. The Republican finger of scorn will not have to be pointed at the horrible spectacle of Sullivanism. Democracy will not have to bother itself viewing with alarm the recrudescence of Lorimerism.

Poor Papa.

Little Johnny—Oh, mamma, what's that dreadful noise?
Mamma—Hush, darling; papa's trying to save the price of a snave.
Chicago Ledger.

Beauty In Washington



HERE'S another pretty girl. There will be another one tomorrow, and the day after, and the day after that. Photographs of the pretty ones are coming into the office in seemingly an endless supply. The faster they come the surer The Times is that its contention that Washington has more beautiful girls than any other city in the world is true.

And the letters! A bushelful of them today. Some in praise, one or two in condemnation, of the selections of the committee of five, but all perfectly certain that the photograph inclosed is that of the prettiest, most charming, and altogether delectable girl in the whole District.

Send 'em along.

Some Historic Word Pictures

Examples of Descriptive Power by Great Authors.

"PULL BAKER, PULL DEVIL"

By Thomas De Quincey.

THE murderer was at this time in the little parlor and the door stood ajar. He was walking rapidly backward and forward in the parlor, applying keys tentatively to a cupboard, a closet and a scirocco. Three friends out of four whom the young journeyman had parted with forty minutes ago are now extinguished. Remained himself and his pretty young friend, the granddaughter whose childish innocence was still slumbering under fear for herself or her aged grandparents. If they are gone forever, happily our friend is near to her. But also he is still nearer to the murderer.

With the new cluster of keys the murderer walked off to the hidden section of the parlor. And here at last was suggested to the journeyman the sudden opening for an escape. Some minutes would be lost to a certainty trying all these keys, and subsequently in searching the drawers, supposing that the keys answered, or violently forcing them supposing they did not.

His plan was now formed. On regaining his bedroom he placed the bed against the door by way of a transient retardation to the enemy that might give him a short warning and in the worst extremity might give him a chance for life by means of a desperate leap. This change made as quickly as possible, he tore the sheets, pillowcases and blankets into broad ribbons and, after plaiting them into ropes, spliced the different lengths together. But where shall we look for any staple hook, bar or other fixture from which his rope when twisted may safely depend? Measured from the window sill, there count not twenty-two or twenty-three feet to the ground.

Of this length ten or twelve feet may be looped upon as canceled, because to that extent he might drop without danger. So much being deducted, there would remain say a dozen feet of rope to prepare. But, unhappily, there is no stout iron fixture anywhere about his window. The nearest, indeed the sole, fixture of that sort is not near the window at all; it is a spike fixed in the bed tester; now the bed being shifted, the spike is shifted, and the distance from the window having been always four feet is now seven.

He had already fastened three lengths of his new rope; he has spliced a second length equal to the first. Sixteen feet are ready to throw out of the window. The hot contest between above and below is steadily but feverently proceeding. Murderer is working hard in the parlor, journeyman is working hard in the bedroom. Mercantile is getting on famously downstairs; one batch of notes he has already bagged, and hard upon the scent of a second.

He has also sprung a covey of golden loaves. Murderer is almost gone, and if any creature is still living in this house, he would be happy, before cutting the creature's throat, to drink a glass of something. Like chorus and semi-chorus, strophe and anti-strophe they work, each against the other. Pull journeyman, pull murderer! Pull baker, pull devil! Upon two floors, the cellar floor and the ground floor, murderer has already accounted for the population.

Well journeyman knows that the poor child's fate is on the edge of a razor, for all turns upon the alarm being raised before the murderer reaches her bedside. And at the very moment when desperate agitation is nearly paralyzing his fingers he hears the sullen, stealthy step of the murderer creeping up through the darkness.

A second step is heard, a third, and then the child's doom seems fixed. But just at that moment all is ready. The window is wide open, the rope is swinging free; the journeyman has launched himself. The rope proved shorter by five or ten feet than he had calculated. The night was not dark, as it had been on the occasion of the murders.

London from east to west was covered with a deep hail of universal fog. Hence it happened that for twenty to thirty seconds the young man hanging in the air was not observed. His white shirt at length attracted notice. Three or four people ran up and received him in their arms, all anticipating some dreadful annihilation. To what house did he belong? Even that was not instantly apparent, but he pointed with his finger to Williamson's door and said in a half whisper:

"Marr's murderer is now at work!"

Keep Mind on Your Work

BECAUSE Terry McGovern could not keep thoughts of his family out of his business he lost his second fight with Young Corbett when he had it virtually won. Don't try to mix your family affairs and your business. It can't be done. It is every man's duty to his family to give them his best thought. They should be his first consideration. He should not permit his business to encroach on the time he ought to devote to them. Many a man has lost the love and practically the acquaintance of his nearest and dearest and become a stranger in his own house because in his desire to earn money for them he has spent all his waking hours engrossed in business thoughts and had no time to learn to know his wife and children. Of course, this is wrong, but on the other hand, no man should carry family cares or worries with him to his office. He can do his family no good by doing so, and is certain to injure greatly his own chances of success.

After McGovern's first defeat by Young Corbett the McGovern stock suffered a great slump. Everybody said, "McGovern is all in or this unknown could not beat him." McGovern's earning power was cut down abruptly, and as McGovern's expenditures had always kept pace with the increase of his income, he felt the financial stringency keenly. Mrs. McGovern felt the pinch, too, and as McGovern was a devoted husband this cut him worse than his own lack of ready cash.

Then Young Corbett fought several times, winning easily, and proved that he was far from being a bushy-town second-rate, and Terry began to revive in popular esteem. He was given a few fights and won them easily, and people began to see that if he was not the Terror of the old days he was very near it, and much better than any other featherweight in the business, except, perhaps, his conqueror. So he was matched again with Young Corbett, and not a few expected to see Terry once more champion featherweight of the world.

Both trained faithfully for the fight. Terry did not underestimate the round, fat-looking little Denverite this time, and Corbett never had held McGovern cheaply. It was an open secret of the training camps that McGovern intended to buy his wife a house and furnish it in palatial style with the winnings of the fight. Not only did he gamble heavily on the receipts, but he raised money of his own and bet. He knew that Corbett was a good man, but he was confident that he was a better one. The thought that he might lose did not seem to enter his head.

As the preliminaries were being gone through McGovern's eyes seemed to smolder, and smolder until they almost flamed, all the memories of his former defeat and humiliation and the hard days afterward stamped on his grim, scowling face. When the gong rang he was out of his corner like a charging tiger and across the ring with a bound to where Corbett stood set to meet him, smiling a cold, sneering smile.

McGovern dashed himself upon Corbett like the sea upon a bit of logs, and seemed to engulf and almost obliterate him in a wave of flying arms and fists. Like a cork upon the ocean Corbett's head was driven this way and that before a torrent of blows, and his body was thrust from side to side of the ring, beaten and twisted by the force of the Terror's onslaught. Round after round McGovern kept it up, and it looked like a bad day for Corbett as round after round he grew weaker under the onslaught. For all his fury McGovern was fighting a cool, careful battle, taking no chances and offering no openings for the terrible Corbett.

Then Corbett gathered himself together for a supreme effort. Still smiling, seemingly, giving no indication on his face of how the Terror's blows had battered and bruised his body, he came into a clinch. "Well, Terry, now I'm going to get you. Here goes your wife's house," he said, shoving back McGovern's chin with his open left glove, "and here goes the furniture." Then he cuffed him on the jaw with his right fist and broke out of the clinch.

Inseparable with rage, McGovern rushed, heedless of guard or caution, Corbett half fell, half slipped to the floor, then, as the referee pushed McGovern back to give him time to rise, set himself and as the Brooklynite pushed the referee and rushed madly and blindly at him, swinging his terrible right fist through a long air flush on the end of Terry's jaw. McGovern's chin twisted over his left shoulder as though his neck would break, then his feet lifted and he seemed to try to dive through the floor of the ring on the back of his neck and shoulders. Then he lay still and the referee motioned to his seconds to carry him off. The gnat-getter had won another victory.

(Copyright, by F. A. Walker.)

Capitol Spotlights

By THEODORE TILLER.

Because of his unfamiliarity with the French language, "Tama Jim" Wilson, who served under three Presidents as Secretary of Agriculture, once made the mistake of applauding at the wrong time. Shortly before Mr. Wilson relinquished the job he held so long and ably he was invited to address a meeting of scientists at a fashionable club in Washington.

There were addresses in English, German and French. "Tama Jim" of course, starting as a performer in his own tongue.

Finally a French scientist, who appeared to be a most eloquent and rapid-fire talker, introduced himself. The venerable Secretary of Agriculture set a few feet away from the orator who was near the close of the Frenchman's address everybody who understood what was going on clapped their hands vigorously. The applause was general.

"Tama Jim" Wilson, Secretary of Agriculture, joined in the outburst, although he seemed a bit perplexed as to just what was coming off. As he ceased clapping his hands together, Mr. Wilson leaned over to an American and whispered:

"What was he saying?"

"He said you were the best Secretary of Agriculture our great country has ever had," said the man who knew French.

"Oh," said Mr. Wilson, blushing, and modestly wishing he hadn't been so enthusiastic in his applause.

During the latter years of Mr. Wilson's service as Secretary of Agriculture he was considerably annoyed by recurrent rumors that he intended to resign. He said the papers would reprint the old story, bringing it up to date by asserting that the Secretary had tired of his long service, the benediction of a controversy or something else.

"Once and for all," said the exasperated "Tama Jim" one day, "I haven't resigned. I haven't thought of resigning, and I do not intend to resign unless I am asked to. Who starts these fool reports, anyway?"

And they let up on him after that.

There's a resourceful young lawyer in Washington who is a bit careless as to details now and then, but who is getting over it as he builds up a practice. As a ready excuse maker he would be hard to beat, as this story illustrates.

In default of the payment of a fine a colored man was sent to the workhouse for some trivial offense. His spouse wanted to get him out, and she wanted it done immediately. She sought out the building young lawyer, who thought he could arrange it upon the receipt of \$5 in hand paid.

The lonely wife paid and expected to eat dinner with her liberated partner that night. No husband came. The next day the indignant spouse hurried to the lawyer's office.

"Much lawyer. Ah, thought Ah paid you \$5 to get mah husband out. He ain't come home yet."

"Well, you see it's like this, auntie. I've got to plead duces tecum in that case, and it takes time to plead duces tecum," said the staidest of barristers, who resolved he'd go right then and restore the errant husband to the bosom of his family.

"Yes, sah, but Ah didn't understand 'bout that tecum part of it," said the spouse, backing out the doorway.

"Epsh, Ah got mah that day, and the lawyer breathed easier."

Congressman Clyde Tavenner of Illinois was a newspaper man before his election to the present Congress. He can't get out of the writing habit, and still sends out a Washington letter to his old clients.

For many years before he obtained the job which panned out so unsatisfactorily, Sulzer had an ambition to be governor of the Empire State. His newspaper friends all knew this and more than one correspondent has heard this promise:

"Old man, when I'm governor of the great State of New York I intend to appoint you my secretary."

The Washington newspaper corps would have lost several of its shining lights if Governor Sulzer had carried out old promises when he landed. But neither Sulzer nor the correspondents actually expected it to come true, and there were no hard feelings.

THE SILVER LINING

EDITED BY ARTHUR BAER.

An English lecturer states that war is bad business. Being thusly rebuked, we can only refer him, very humbly, to the Duponts and the Krupps.

Germany is fighting the battle of Manila bay all over again, but Spain is satisfied with the first attempt.

A man knows not what fame is, until somebody names a tomato after him. Let us hope, "John Baer" tomato, we may not turn out to be a nut. We are indebted to John Lefevre, of Loudoun county, Va. This is true.

THE OLDEST INHAB SEZ-

"I allus found th' best place 't look fer a night watchman wuz a ball game or a matinee."

How to live to be a centenarian—never say that you didn't know it was loaded.

Dear Editor: Your dope on how to become a century old was fine. Henceforth, I shall never carry a bundle of eggs by the string. Another sure aid to longevity is to never send an incandescent lamp by parcel post.

THOMAS SURKEL.

Dozen Yale students were expelled for a lark. Case of mistaken identity. The lark turns out to be a squab. Front row, chorus.

The suburbanite can realize the dangerous predicament of the ocean liner.

threatened by a waterspout, every time he gazes at his own ice laden, steel burdened rain conveyor.

Department of Commerce rules that hydroplanes must carry all the paraphernalia prescribed for motorboats. Why encourage the use of alcoholic beverages?

Why not settle the difficulty by sending one-half of Castillo to Yuma and keeping the other half here? Fifty-fifty.

The Canadian-Pacific may electrify the tunnel under the Selkirk mountains, and the cost may electrify the stockholders.

Woman who was killed by Lafayette eighty-eight years ago has just died. If they had germs from kissing in the good old days, that poor old lady certainly did suffer from a lingering illness.

Always wondered if a man couldn't tell it was cold without looking at one of those blamed kiosks.

Rebels were defeated twice in one day in Haiti. H'm. So the competition in Mexico has forced 'em to play matinees too.

Maritime intelligence—Ships outward bound may expect a stormy voyage, as the North German Lloyd and the Hamburg-American are in conference again.

Thanks, the streets are better. Time is a great healer.

Now that the days are getting longer, the street cleaning crew in Chicago, to the north from the sun. But the outlook would be dear indeed, if this were the 21st day of June.

LITTLE CAUSES OF BIG WARS

(Copyright 1914, by the F. A. Walker Co.)

A Bribe That Led to the Seminole War.

OSCEOLA, "The Tiger of the Everglades," was in prison. And all Florida rejoiced. The half-breed Indian had long been a storm center, and while he had been at large there was no hope for lasting peace.

From the age of fourteen Osceola had been a war chief of the Seminoles—the crafty and bloodthirsty Indian "nation" that made its lair in the impenetrable Everglade swamps and issued forth from time to time to carry flame and death to settlers. When Uncle Sam wanted to shoo the Seminoles to a Western reservation and to take over their Florida lands, Osceola flew into a rage and belittled his refusal of the plan, even driving his knife through the proffered treaty.

Soon after this Osceola was caught and jailed. Without his fiery leadership the Seminoles were helpless. And the region grew safe and prosperous. But Osceola had no intention of staying in prison. According to one story, he offered to sign away the lands of his ancestors to the Government in return for his freedom. Then, when force and guile failed to release him, he fell to studying the characters of the soldiers who guarded him. At length he found the man he sought.

He offered the soldier a rich bribe to help him escape. The soldier accepted the bribe.

Osceola, freed from prison, hurried from place to place with incredible speed, gathering together the scattered Seminole bands. Soon he was ready to strike the first blow.

One day, early in 1835, he sent 500 of his warriors to waylay Major Dade, who was marching at the head of a body of United States troops along the military road near Tampa Bay. The Indians ambushed Dade's men and slew 108 of them.

At the same time another detachment, led by Osceola, ravaged and burned the settlement at Fort King, killing the Indian agent (against whom the chief had sworn revenge for putting him in prison) and many others.

In a dozen places throughout Florida Osceola struck with the swiftness and deadliness of an Everglades rattlesnake, inflicting fearful damage and setting safely out of reach before punishment could follow.

General Clinch, with 1,000 regulars, blundered upon a much smaller force of Indians under Osceola, at the foot of the Withlacoochee river. The United States troops, in the battle that followed, sustained fearful loss. Osceola boasted later that in this battle he had killed no less than forty white men. When the Seminoles' ammunition was gone they hurled themselves bodily upon the soldiers with knives and clubbed stumps.

Battle after battle followed until, in General Taylor, Osceola found a foe who outgeneraled him. In the final